

LAST EDITION.
INGERSOLL'S TALK.

Crowds Hear the Eloquent Agnostic
Sum Up for Kerr.

Allowed Two Hours and a Half to Save
His Client.

He Scarcely Fulfills and Makes In-
formers' Evidence Look Very Cheap.

The juryman in the Kerr case, who have
been kept away from their homes for the
past few weeks, were perceptibly more cheerful
this morning, presumably at the prospect of
the trial speedily coming to a close.

The court-room was early beset with
people who were determined to be on hand
when Col. Ingersoll made his closing ad-
dress, and among them were many ladies.

Col. Ingersoll's wife and two daughters
were early installed in front seats.

Col. Ingersoll told Judge Daniels that as
Attorney Clear, whom the defense wished
to call as a witness, was confined to his bed,
Judge Daniels said if his testimony was im-
portant he would send down a referee to
take his testimony. It was agreed that it
should be so taken.

Ex-Alderman Wendel was the first to take
the stand. He testified that he never be-
longed to any combine for the purpose of
obtaining money for his vote in the Board of
Aldermen of 1884, and never received any
money for his vote. He never attended a
meeting at McLaughlin's house during May
and June, 1884.

The defense rested at 10.30, with the excep-
tion of Clear's testimony, and at 10.45 Col.
Ingersoll, who got an allowance of two hours
and a half from Judge Daniels, began his ad-
dress.

Col. Ingersoll started by paying a tribute to
the prosecutors, and then suddenly he leaped
on the rail and said to the jury:

If you are told that a man is crazy, you look
at him and say, "There is something queer
about him." If he scratches his head, it is a
symptom.

But I want to say to you that nine-tenths of
the people who are indicted by the Grand Jury
go free. They are innocent.

Thomas B. Kerr is innocent.

I am going to appeal to your reason, not to
your sympathy. A court of justice is a holy
place. It is no arena for the exercise of cunning
or guile. It is a place where exact justice
should be done.

Col. Ingersoll pointed out that the early
morning meeting of the Board of Aldermen
to meet the cable route, and at 10.45 Col.
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THE SAILOR LOST.

Young Mitchell Whipped Him in
the Twenty-first Round.

A Game Battle Fought Before the San
Francisco Sports.

Brown Did All the Rushing and Took
a Course of Hard Punishment.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
SAN FRANCISCO, March 14.—Sailor Brown
yielded to the prowess of young Mitchell in
the twenty-first round last night at the
rooms of the California Athletic Club.

When the sailor left his training quarters a
few days ago for parts unknown it was
thought that Tom Meadows and Paddy Duffy
would do battle in the rooms, but Brown was
all right and promptly on hand last evening.

As usual, the club-house was thronged from
an early hour, and betting was quite brisk,
young Mitchell's stock being in the lead at 2
to 1.

The match was for a purse of \$1,500, and
both men had worked hard to get into con-
dition. That they had succeeded could not
be doubted, for they looked fit to battle for
their lives and expressed themselves as hav-
ing nothing to wish for on this score.

Brown weighed 144 pounds, while Mitchell
was ten pounds heavier.

After some discussion Billy Jordan was
chosen referee, and at 9.30 the men shook
hands.

Mitchell appeared in no hurry to start hard
work, while Brown was very anxious and
working for a lead.

Mitchell seemed to be wanting to draw his
man, and in the third round he got Brown
into a clinch, stopping with a flush left hander
on the Eastern man's nose, drawing the
claret. Brown was not to be denied, how-
ever, and countered heavily on his opponent's
neck.

After the third round the sailor acted on
the defensive, only fighting when driven into
his corner, where Mitchell kept most of
the time.

Mitchell's tactics were directed towards
drawing his adversary out by all manner of
feinting, hoping to get an opening for his
right.

Nothing of interesting character occurred
until the fourth round, which was a hot one.
Mitchell reached him down, and under the
claret, Brown was not to be denied, how-
ever, and countered heavily on his opponent's
neck.

In the next round Brown rushed about the
ring after Mitchell like a wild man, calling
him to stand and fight. Brown pulled himself
together and did some neat work with his
left. At this time the sailor bore numerous
evidences of the Californian's ability to inflict
punishment, while the latter was apparently
unscathed.

In the twentieth round Mitchell got in
three right-handers on the jaw of his adver-
sary, knocking him down, and under the
claret, Brown was not to be denied, how-
ever, and countered heavily on his opponent's
neck.

Mitchell pursued the policy, all through
the fight, of making his man's life a misery
by meeting him in stiff fashion every time
and escaping returns.

It was only a question of time when he
would whip him, and in the twenty-first
round he knocked him out.

The Men and Their Records.

Jonathan L. Hegert, or, as he is known in
the pugilistic world, young Mitchell, was born
in San Francisco Jan. 30, 1867. He stands 5
feet 6½ inches in height and scales 143 pounds
in condition.

His first important pugilistic engagement
was his battle with Jack Campbell, at Harry
Maynard's, for the feather-weight champion-
ship of the Pacific Coast, which he won in
ten rounds.

At the time he was given the name of
"Young Mitchell," because of the similarity
of his style to that of Charley Mitchell.

Having defeated all the cool men on the
coast, Jack Keenan was brought on from the
East to fight him for \$250 a side. Mitchell
knocked Keenan out in the thirty-fifth
round.

Mitchell's last fight occurred on Dec. 5,
1888, when he defeated Paddy Gorman, of
Australia, in twenty-seven rounds, for the
championship of the Pacific Coast and a purse
of \$3,000 at the Golden Gate Athletic Club.

Charles Brown, alias "Sailor," was born
in Gloucester, Mass., Nov. 25, 1863. He is
5 feet 8 inches in height, and weighs 105
pounds in fighting trim.

In 1886 he defeated Burke, of Boston, in
three rounds.

He defeated Mike Monahan in four rounds,
Nov. 30, 1886.

In 1888 he fought three rounds, bare
knuckles, with Dick Moorehouse, for a purse
of \$125 purse; but he kicked Moorehouse
when down, and to prevent a general row
the referee declared it a draw.

July 28, 1888, he stayed with Denny Butler,
at Brooklyn, the latter breaking his arm on
Brown's head in the second round.

POISON IN A GREEN DRESS.

The Singular Cause of a New Hampshire
Girl's Mysterious Illness.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
KEENE, N. H., March 14.—Miss Bessie
daughter of Milton Blake, of this city, has
been very sick for the past two weeks with a
dreadful ailment, but for which no cause could
be found at first.

The green wall paper of Miss Blake's room
was analyzed, but no traces of the poison were
found.

Finally a green flannel dress which the
young lady had recently begun to wear was
analyzed.

RAINBOW GOLD

Little Metal and Less Water in the
Santa Clara Region.

The "El Dorado Cry" but Another Topo-
labampo Scheme.

Land Owners and the Mexican
Government Profit.

Miners and Young Men Hurrying
Thither Only to Be Fleeced.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
SAN FRANCISCO, March 14.—The unfor-
tunate miners and gold-seekers who have
been lured to the Santa Clara region by
visions of untold wealth are doomed to disap-
pointment.

The new El Dorado is a delusion.

A mining engineer who has gone carefully
over the ground says that while there is some
gold in the region the veins are shallow, and
the alleged pockets on the sand hills are few
and far between.

Then the scarcity of water is a sure stum-
bling block in getting even a little of the
precious metal.

The story that a miner got \$30,000 worth of
gold in one week is absurd. There isn't
enough water in the whole region to wash
out that amount of gold, even if it ran \$100
to the ton of sand. Ten dollars to the ton is
considered rich sand.

The whole excitement seems to have been a
systematically devised land scheme. The
railroads appear to be innocent of it.

Four years ago there was a similar cry of
"gold" in this same locality. A colony of
people were taken there from Maine. Miners
deserted their camps and young men flocked
to the new El Dorado, only to meet with the
bitter disappointment. This has gone
down in the history of mining as the Topo-
labampo scheme.

The misery that the present swindle will
cause can only be estimated. Thousands of
fortune-hunters have gone to the Santa Clara
region and many are on the way.

Nobody who has not been in mining camps
has any idea of how the mines are exploited.
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together and did some neat work with his
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was analyzed, but no traces of the poison were
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Finally a green flannel dress which the
young lady had recently begun to wear was
analyzed.

The rapid are below," cried a man to a
pleasure party whom he described gliding swiftly
down the stream towards the foaming cataract.
And was would cry "Boat ahoy!" to the one
whose life he was in danger.

Among her passengers were Mr. Arthur Bris-
bane, Lieut. R. D. Dwyer, Mr. Marshall Fuller-
ton and Mr. James R. Osgood.

MET DEATH CALMLY

Virgil Jackson Smiled as He Went
to the Gallows To-Day.

He Was Hung at Utica for Killing Norton
Metcalf.

His Last Night Spent in Playing and
Singing in His Cell.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
UTICA, N. Y., March 14.—Virgil Jackson,
murderer of Norton Metcalf, was hanged in
the county jail-yard in this city this morn-
ing.

The drop fell at 9.15½ and Jackson was
dead at 9.37. His neck was not broken.



Virgil Jackson.

The nerve that Jackson exhibited was the
most wonderful ever witnessed here.

Last night he parted with his sister, Mrs.
E. D. Scott, and played a selection on his
flute before she went away. The selection
was "The Sweet By and By," and Jack-
son's playing of it moved Mrs. Scott to tears.

At 10 o'clock last night Jackson called
Jailer Burke up to his cell and requested him
to join in with his violin while he played on
his flute. The request was granted and they
played several selections, for which they
were applauded.

Jackson presented Jailer Burke with his
flute, and he also made his attorney, A. Delos
Kneeland, a present of a wooden shovel, on
the blade of which was painted a Winter
scene.

He would not admit reporters to see him.
He asked if he would like to see his
children, he replied that he certainly would,
but that it was not best.

"They remember me now," he said, "as
I was when I lived at home in Augusta. If
they saw me here with these prison surround-
ings, it would make an impression on them
that never could be effaced, and so I will not
see them although I might."

About 10 o'clock this morning a party of
men, including Mr. Boardman, of the Magrie
Mitchell Company, called and entertained
Jackson with several fine vocal selections.
Jackson joined in the singing of "Lar-
board Watch." It was 8 o'clock before the
first watch. Jackson favored them with a few
selections on his flute before their leave.

He retired at 3.10 this morning and slept
soundly until 6.30, when he awoke and ex-
claimed that it was a fine day.

He took a bath and dressed himself in a
new brown suit, and was prepared to walk to
the gallows on short notice.

He told the Sheriff that the sooner the
thing was over the better it suited him.

In reference to his views on religion and
the hereafter, he said: "There is no such
thing as death. It is only a birth—the putting
on of a new life. I have no fear."

The death warrant was read to him in his
cell about 9 o'clock, and he joined in a
prayer before he was taken to the gallows.

Then came the march to the gallows.

Before ascending the scaffold Jackson
shook hands with the Sheriff and jailer with
a smile upon his face.

He walked to the gallows and helped to get him-
self in the right position.

He weighed over two hundred pounds.
His death wail cried and did not have the
courage to witness the hanging.

Story of Jackson and His Crime.

Virgil Jackson belonged to a family which
was twenty years ago in Augusta among the
oldest and most respected in that section of
the country.

He was a bright, attractive fellow and being
both handsome and rich was considered a
great asset among the rustics.

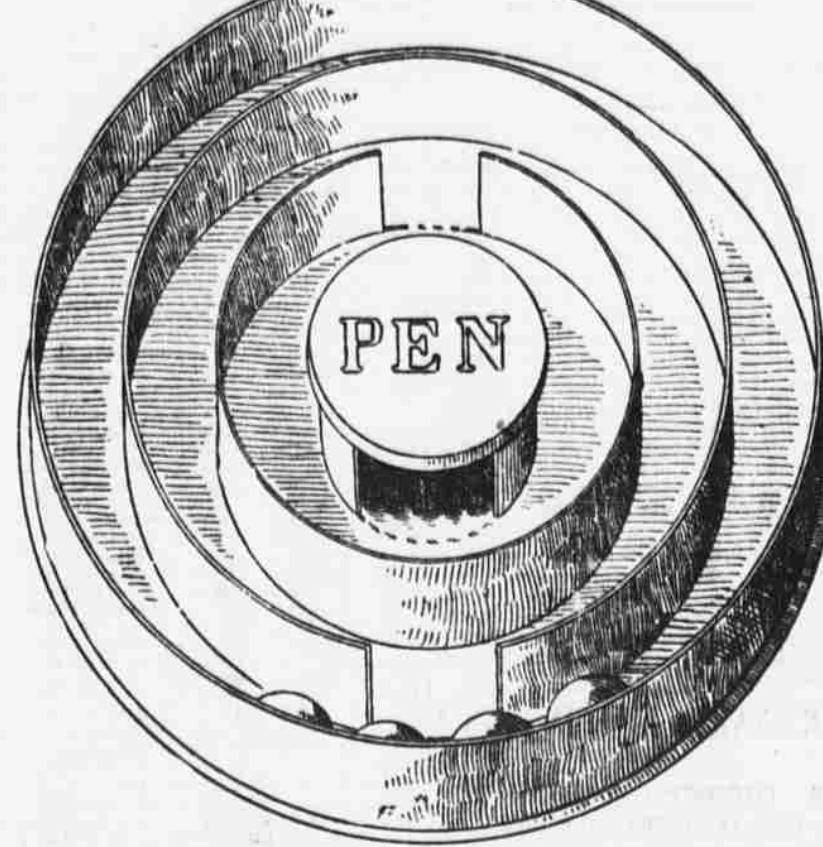
His passions, however, were unrestrained,
and on two occasions his father had to come
to his rescue in servant-girl escapades. One
of these occasions was subsequent to his mar-
riage, seventeen years ago, to a pretty
Augusta girl.

A number of years ago Jackson's parents
died, leaving all the property to Virgil's
wife and child, and while on her Western
trip began to show signs of failing strength.

The chief trouble was with her head.

Miss Anderson, her brother also said, still
had nine weeks to play this season and that if
she doesn't suffer a relapse she will keep her
engagement in Philadelphia. At any rate,
her loss by sickness this season will reach
\$20,000. Should she recover enough to be
able to play she will go to San Francisco and
close the season there. Then she will go
abroad for a six months' rest.

CAN YOU DRIVE THOSE PIGS TO THE PEN?



THE DISTRACTING PUZZLE WHICH IS
GOTHAM'S LATEST CRAZE.

It Is Done in Eighteen Seconds in
"The Evening World" Office.

THE SECRET OF THE SOLUTION.

Magicians and Ordinary Citizens Put
to the Test with Varying Success.

Pig-driving has become the fashionable oc-
cupation in Gotham. Everybody is crav-
ing over it, from the society belles of Fifth
avenue down to the little cash girls and from
the Wall street bankers to the Italian book-
block in City Hall Park.

Statesmen, diplomats, lawyers, judges,
doctors, merchants, financiers and railroad
presidents are just as much interested in the
new puzzle as their clerks and office boys,
and by general consent it has been pro-
nounced the greatest sensation of the day.

Barnum's greatest show on earth is nothing
to it, while the fifteen puzzle fades into in-
significance before the little circular paste-
board box with its red, white and blue
fences, vari-colored pigs, and above all the
fresh inkling and seductive pen in the centre
of the seal.

In a word the "Pigs in Clover" puzzle,
which has completely captured the people of
New York, bids fair to invade every home-
hold in the land and it is fast becoming a
national institution.

There seems to be a great difference of
opinion with regard to the ease or difficulty
of accomplishing the desired result. There
are many who boast that they have succeeded
in corralling the four spherical pigs within so
short a space of time as five minutes, while
hundreds admit people get up as hope-
less after long and tiring efforts.

Some have labored for days and weeks
even without the slightest success, and in
spite of the frequent advice to give up in
disgust, and leave the pigs in their clover,
are still at it; for it is one of the peculiarities
of this, as with the "Gem" or "15 puzzle,"
that when a man gets up and goes to bed
he is determined to solve it, and he is deter-
mined to solve it, and he is determined to
solve it, and he is determined to solve it.

The Evening World solved the problem
of how to house the pigs most expeditiously
yesterday afternoon. Two of our editors put
the whole drove into the pen in the time
shortest time on record to date, one in eight-
teen seconds and the other in twenty-three
seconds.

The secret of the puzzle lies in the way the
box is held, and in a certain steady move-
ment of the wrist. Take the puzzle in one
hand, with the fingers curled round the outer
circle, and with the box inclined at an angle
of about thirty degrees towards the entrance
to the next circle to be entered.

When the fingers are curled round the en-
trance shake the box rapidly but gently,
giving it a sort of rotary movement.

The pigs will roll into the next circle, one
after another, just as if they had been driven
in. The steady process is repeated at each of
the other entrances until the pen is reached.
A little more delicacy is required here, but
the same rule is to be observed.

KELLAR DOES IT IN A MINUTE.

Magician Kellar was visited by a reporter
and the pig puzzle was solved in five minutes
and though suffering severely from neuralgia
and confined to his bed he gave a smiling ac-
cent to take part in the pig drive.

"I can drive 'em in it," said the
prestidigitator as he uncovered the toy.

"It took me the good part of an hour to
catch the 'how' of the thing the first time I
tried it, but I can drive 'em in now."

Mr. Kellar gathered the pigs together on
the outside circle, gave the box a series of
up, down, and side shakes, and in just eleven
seconds the four pigs were clustered to-
gether in their pen.

"I can do it even quicker than that," he
continued, and again taking up the box, to the
outer circle of which the pigs had been re-
turned, he gave one quick, rapid turn of the
wrist and one bewildering shake and drove
the pigs at full speed into their pen.

The time taken at this second try was too
brief to count.

The pig-driver was speechless.

Mr. Kellar, who was present, laughed
merrily, and the magician himself, forgetting
for the moment his aches and pains, joined in
the laugh.

"There is a trick to it, you see," again
observed he, "but though I have mastered it
I doubt if I or any one else could pen the
pigs as quickly as that at every attempt."

County Clerk Edward F. Kelly tried it and
worked the pigs in the pen in four minutes.
He said: "It's all over New York and fur-
nishes a great deal of amusement among all
classes."

Coroner Levy tried it for a few minutes and
succeeded in driving the pigs in in five min-
utes. "I got 'em in it," he said, "There, I
did it."

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"PGS IN CLOVER."

The Distracting Puzzle Which Is
Gotham's Latest Craze.

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